

THE SWAN



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The Swan 1993-4



From the Headmistress :

This Magazine is a celebration of the creative talents of our students and also of the breadth of their interests.

It is common to hear people on the media saying that pupils of today cannot study the classics or appreciate them. Let me assure doubters that students at Slough Grammar School have an appreciation of Shakespeare and other great writers in the English language. If they read and understand those who have established reputations, their writing benefits from these examples.

Over the last eighteen months we have become a centre for working with gifted students. One of the projects undertaken was a creative writing day taken by a young published author.

The work in this magazine is a celebration of the wide abilities of our students, the activities of the school and the support of teachers who aim to develop the individuals in their care.

From the Editor :

My sincere thanks are due to Mrs Hodge for her typing, and in particular to Stuart Whitehouse for his admirable expertise with the computer.



School Activities



School Activities

School Trip to Loire Valley 1994

Monday 4th July

I was woken by my alarm clock at 2.30am. Although I was still half asleep, I leapt out of bed. At last it was Monday 4th July. After last minute packing I left the house at 3.15 heading for Slough Grammar School. Most of my friends had already arrived and were waiting patiently on the coach. Nicola and I sat together in the middle of the coach, next to the toilet which probably wasn't a good choice! I tried to get to sleep as I was very tired but as no-one else seemed to want to sleep I listened to my personal stereo. The journey passed quite quickly. We arrived at Newhaven at 5.30 - earlier than expected. We clambered off the coach and stretched our legs. Then we waited to board the ferry.

After an hour and a half we boarded the ferry. Now at last the journey was really beginning. I always enjoy the ferry trip, watching England recede, the Duty Free shops with the delicious selection of chocolates and other goodies and the selection of food on board which always seems nicer than at home. I waited around on deck with my friends. The weather was quite windy and we all hoped it would improve when we docked at the other end.

Four hours later we arrived at Dieppe, boarded our coach and set off for Amboise in the Loire Valley. En route we stopped in the town of Chartres and looked round the cathedral, famous for its stained glass windows. The cathedral was very interesting and peaceful.

Then it was back to the coach. We travelled to the Villages Vacances Familles, arriving at 6.30. The site was very clean and the chalets were very comfortable. I shall never forget the name of our chalet - 'BIGUGLIA'! I wondered who it was named after! We unpacked before dinner and then explored the site. I'd looked forward to my first proper French meal. I was very disappointed when it arrived. Little did I know that the first night's meal was the best. The food got progressively worse as the week went on. Although all the teachers enjoyed the meals, the pupils didn't. After dinner I played a short game of table tennis and fell into bed totally exhausted.

Tuesday 5th July

After breakfast we met at the coach and started on our journey to Futuroscope. When we got there we immediately had lunch.

There were loads of different attractions all connected with the cinema. In the middle of the park was a big lake where we went and watched a light and laser show.

I went on to Showscan, Cinema Dynamique one and two, Pavillon de la Vienne and Tapis Magnifique before dinner. After dinner I went on the 360° Gyrotour.

The Showscan was a moving picture with sixty frames a second instead of twenty four. The Tapis Magnifique was the magic carpet ride. There were two screens, one directly in front of us, the other underneath us. The Pavillon de la Vienne was a 86° screen wall showing the history of the park. Next you went on to see a man trying to get to his wedding and meeting a talking tree man! However this was watched while sitting in a simulator. The 360° was a screen all around us showing you things about Spain.



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The Gyrotour took you up high and enabled you to see the whole park. Cinema Dynamique one and two were simulators. In Cinema Dynamique two you were on a mine train. On Dynamique one you were in a bob-sleigh going down a bob-sleigh track with the wind blowing in your face. This was the best ride I went on. It was so good that I went on it twice and would have gone on it again if I had had the time.

At eleven o'clock we watched the laser and water show which was spectacular. At one point there was a horse made by the lasers that looked very realistic.

After the show we went home, very tired.

Wednesday 6th July

After breakfasting on French bread, hot chocolate and jam, we set off for the chocolate factory in Tours. It was a small, old-fashioned factory and even the sweet-making was carried on in the traditional way. To check whether the sweets were ready the confectioner tested the temperature by placing his fingers into cold water, picking up the boiling sweet with his bare hands and placing it into a bowl of cold water. It looked very painful! We were allowed to try the sweets and they were delicious. You can buy these sweets in Fortnum and Mason in London, but I don't think I could afford it. It was a very interesting trip and very different to what I was expecting.

We left the factory to visit the cathedral in Tours. The cathedral was beautiful and I enjoyed the visit very much.

After lunch we went to the Mammoth Hypermarket where I spent most of my French money. I love French chocolate and treated myself to a large block. Then we went back to the V.V.F.

A group of us went into town and looked around the shops in the narrow streets. Mrs Kennedy bought the tickets for the son et lumière show for that evening.

After dinner, consisting of an artichoke, we left for the show. I had never been to a show like this before and thoroughly enjoyed it, although in places it was hard to understand. I fell into bed at 1.20am after another brilliant, tiring day.

Natalie Pincham

Thursday 7th July

We all met by the main building half an hour after breakfast had finished. Five minutes later the teachers arrived and we boarded the coach.

First of all we went to the Chateau de Chenonceau, which is a castle built across a river. The river is one of the River Loire's tributaries. During the Second World War half of the Chateau was in occupied France and the other half wasn't.

The gardens there are beautiful. They are colourful and look astounding from the Chateau. One garden belonged to the King's wife, the other one belonged to the King's lover. The one belonging to the King's lover was more colourful than the one belonging to the King's wife.

After having a look round the Chateau and its grounds we had lunch. The lunch was disgusting as usual.

When lunch had finished we started out for Vouvray which is a famous place where wine is made.



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We had a tour of the cellars and were told lots of things about wine-making. We also got to try the best quality wine they make.

Afterwards we headed back to the V.V.F.; we had a choice of what we wanted to do next. Natalie and I went into Amboise with a group of others and Mrs Kennedy. The town is built around a chateau.

We spent a while in Amboise then went back to the V.V.F. for dinner. After dinner we did a treasure hunt. We started off in the V.V.F. and ended up in a bar in Amboise. The team I was in arrived at the bar first. To find out where the bar was we had to answer all these questions about what was around us. It was great fun. The night was ruined later on though. The bar wasn't that good. Dogs walked in and out, and the toilet was a hole in the ground down a dark alley.

About twelve o'clock we started back for the V.V.F.

Nicola Sterry

Friday 8th July

The last day! Before breakfasting on French bread, hot chocolate and jam we finished packing our suitcases. Mine was the smallest although I had seemed to pack everything but the kitchen sink!

We left the village around 9.30, stopping off at a picnic area for lunch. We arrived at Dieppe just before 4.30. There was a circus at the quayside which led to a discussion as to whether having animals in a circus was cruel or not.

We boarded at 5.30. The sea was very rough and although we went up on deck we didn't stay there very long as it was too windy.

Lizzie, Sarah, Nicola and I went to the restaurant. We had never been so pleased to see a plate of chips in all our lives!

We arrived in Newhaven at about 8.30 and set off back to school, arriving there at 10.30. The journey had, again, passed quite quickly. We were looking forward to arriving home.

I really enjoyed the trip (apart from the food) and would love to return to the Loire Valley.

Natalie Pincham

The Year 12 Geography Field Course

One Friday morning bright and early last May the Y12 geographers, Mr Wellard and Mrs Taylor set off in the minibus for a week's fieldcourse in Wales. The minibus was packed to the door and pupils were wedged in between wellington boots, waders and ranging poles. The only advantage of being the driver or co-pilot was having plenty of space to sit! The journey was relatively uneventful and we arrived in the sleepy Welsh town of Bala. Whilst the pupils completed a survey of the town, the staff made a study of the coffee houses and analysed the quality of Welsh pancakes.

The first day was River Day. No Geography Field Course would be complete without a good paddle in a river, measuring velocities, drawing cross sections and, above all, counting and judging the shape of pebbles. It had been intended to round the day off with an analysis of infiltration rates - riveting stuff what! - but a thunderstorm intervened and we all very rapidly repaired to the cosy minibus and after some debate viewed the whole valley from the bus only pausing to take more



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measurements at a downstream station.

The attractions of a café proved too strong and we all dried off our soaking clothes and warmed up with what was to be the first of many cups of hot chocolate. However, the pupils soon learned to their chagrin that this was no 'holiday' week as we all spent the evening engaged in every statistical test Mrs Taylor could think of in a mad desire to analyse the data gathered in the field. It was all too much for Mr Wellard who first needed a shower and then offered to make the cups of hot chocolate. We all retired to bed with Spearman's Rank and Chi-squared whizzing round in our brains. At bed time it was revealed that both Angela and Mrs Taylor possessed towels decorated with Barney the Dinosaur, that Clare could not stop writing the 'diary' and that Mary's bedtime stories were not perhaps as one might have imagined them!

On the second day we went to the seaside - but not to make sand-castles - to count more pebbles. This time they were much more pointy and had to be eased out of a cliff face. Yes more scope for Chi-squared to come into its own. Having counted the pebbles in a cliff we then counted pebbles on a beach. This time they were lovely and round, but the study entailed a long walk along a beach from one end to the other, about 2 miles away. This proved to be a long way for some of the pupils unaccustomed to such energetic pursuits. This was of no matter though compared with the attempted ascent of a Welsh mountain in an effort to view a famous corrie.

As we set off up the hill it was a little misty and the fog closed in as we ascended. It was decided that we would cut across the hillside in an effort to find the corrie from below. The mist was thick and all that could be seen of our leader was a blue hat. Some of the eager students followed on at speed, whilst others less used to hill walking needed tuition from Mrs Taylor. "Bend your knees and lean forward!" The sight of Hanif and Daniel lolloping across the hillside as gorillas in the mist will long live on. We never did get to see any more than about five yards of the edge of a so called tarn at Cwm Idwal. As Mr Wellard described the invisible steep back wall, the scree and the characteristic armchair shape, one of the party had to retire in hysterics.

Later in the week we were rewarded with a wonderful view of a cwm when we visited the pump storage HEP scheme at Ffestiniog. After a very interesting drive up a hairpin road during which the Y12 were unnaturally silent - was it respect for the driver or sheer terror - we reached the tarn at the top where the water is stored. The weather was glorious and we could all see the back wall etc. without any instruction. We had enjoyed a very interesting tour of the now closed Nuclear power plant at Trawsfynydd in the morning. Our guide was so committed and convincing she almost persuaded us that nuclear power was OK. Later in the week we visited the Alternative Energy centre and were reconverted to the Geographers' natural home of environmental concern.

We did not spend the whole week counting pebbles, on a couple of occasions we categorised shops and counted pedestrians. We also spent an interesting day planning the potential recreational use of one of the reservoirs which is used to supply water to Liverpool. Some of the suggestions were most inventive, ranging from log cabins to Disney-style chair lifts, bird watching sanctuaries to watersports centres. The presentations in the evening were excellent even if Daniel's did reduce one of the judges to tears.

On the last evening, instead of working until after 10pm, we visited the newly opened recreational focus of Bala, the 10 pin bowling alley. Although it was somewhat smaller than Superbowl at Maidenhead, having only 3 lanes - it was an illuminating experience. Mr Wellard took his first steps in



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the sport and did himself justice while Mrs Taylor was delighted to regain her mis-spent youth and win on her lane - only to discover that for all the others on that lane it was a first attempt.

After a full week we returned to the deep south, needing the weekend to recover. I think we all enjoyed the experience and most of us learned something.

Mrs A. Taylor

Bar Competition

"Court rise," was the familiar phrase that signified the beginning of yet another battle of the barristers, and nerves that refused to be calmed as you launched into your opening speech. "Your Honour, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. I appear here with my learned friend...." And for this trial your learned friend was the most valuable friend in the world. I am, of course, not describing a real trial in a court of law but a mock bar competition that was organised by the Bar Council and the Citizenship Foundation. On Saturday, November 26th a party of 14 pupils travelled to Maidstone Crown Court to take part in this national competition.

The day began early with a 7am departure from school and Ruth Clark and I frantically, although sleepily, finalised proceedings for the day - what to ask, what not to ask, training your witnesses to say what you wanted them to without asking leading questions, and so forth. With a relatively clear head for 8.40am on a Saturday we arrived at the court house - a vast and magnificent building. But first things first - the hunt for caffeine began!

On arrival we dropped our bags in the space allocated for the school and went in search of the names of the advocates for the first round. These were necessary as the court usher, in our case Angeli Aurora, had to fill out details of the case, and as advocates you had to refer to them by name.

After the welcoming, the competition began. Our first school was Chaucer Tech., our first case was to prosecute a shop-lifter, our first judge was Judge Coffee. It was a hard trial and Ruth and I thought our days were numbered as less than professional notes passed between us! But despite their long, word processed speeches and RADA trained witnesses and a "not guilty" verdict, we WON! As you can imagine our confidence soared and after genuine handshakes and condolences we rushed off to prepare the next case, (which, unfortunately, we lost). Over all, we won two out of three rounds and were only, by a minute margin, unable to compete in the final.

The day was a fantastic experience for all concerned and perhaps clarified what people did or didn't want to do. The organisers made it a very successful occasion with everyone being valued. The judges gave advice at the end of every case and remarked upon the high standard of all concerned. Barristers sat at the back of the court to help you should you get stuck and everyone got to see the true workings of a court and the chance to ask questions.

Although the advocates of each school had to do most work in organising the case and standing up in court and presenting them, everyone did something. The witnesses had to remember who they were playing in each round and the stories they had agreed on. The other schools cross-examined them. Our witnesses did indeed do a great job. The court usher and jury bailiff had to keep the court in order and keep things moving. Amongst their chores were swearing in witnesses and asking the court to rise as the judge entered or left. The jury, all stalwarts of Year 11, had to watch the cases carefully and listen



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to all that was being said and make a decision they believed to be the right one regardless of the one they made when the same case was presented in a previous round. It was important that everyone took part as everyone was assessed, not just the advocates.

During the day the court ran as closely to real life as was possible and court etiquette was adhered to; for example, the judge was "your honour", all advocates were always referred to as your "learned friends" and the accused was "the defendant". You also did not accuse someone of lying, but of "misleading the court" and you did not "tell" anyone anything, you "put it to them". Tradition is certainly alive and well in the law courts!

Perhaps the most upsetting part of not getting to the final (apart from knowing that we should have won it) was that we didn't get to wear the wigs and gowns!

But all good things must come to an end and at about 4.30pm we piled back into the minibus for the journey home. Sad at leaving the new people you had met, glad at getting so far and wistful of what could have been. But we didn't return empty-handed - we had photographs that a newspaper photographer had taken of Ruth, the Chaucer team, Judge Coffee and me, and everyone had certificates.

All that's left to be said is, "We'll be back!"

Jerusha Lyseight-Jones

The Duke of Edinburgh award.

The Duke of Edinburgh is a scheme open to all 14 - 25 year olds. It is an internationally recognised award held in high esteem by employers and the such. However, it is not just something that will look good on your CV, it is also a challenging and rewarding experience which can be enjoyed by those from all walks of life.

The award has four parts to it, each of which challenge and develop the participant as a person :

Service to the community

This is one of the main reasons the scheme was developed in the first place to make young people more aware of the community they live in and help those less fortunate than themselves. At bronze level this involves doing 15 hours over three months. It could be either helping with young children, the elderly or those with disadvantages.

Skill

This is an opportunity to either develop an existing skill or start a totally new one. It is a chance to discover talents and have fun learning, it is also a chance to meet new people. At bronze level at least six months must be spent on the chosen skill. The skill can be chosen from over 200 activities in all areas.

Physical recreation

This section of the award encourages participants to take part in a sport and show marked improvement. This is especially suitable for the modern teenager who is more used to staring at a



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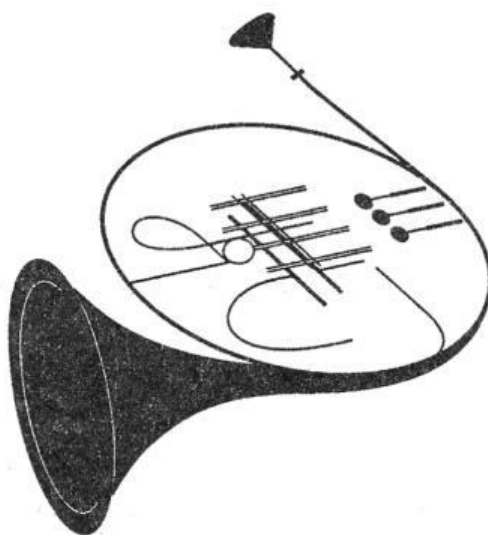
computer screen than actually doing exercise. The activity must be carried out for a minimum of six weeks; the sports are as diverse as archery and athletics.

The expedition

This is the most well known part of the award, and the most challenging and diverse from normal life. The participants have to undertake basic training in first aid, navigation and camp-craft etc. This then leads to a two night, one day expedition and camp. The expedition can either be on foot or by bike : on foot 15 miles must be walked and by cycle 70 miles.

Taking part in the award is most of all an experience that will never be forgotten. It is a chance to show sides of ourselves we did not know existed and break away from our structured daily routine, but most of all it is a chance to have some fun.

Victoria Noakes and Sarah Hicks



Music Review

A year of beginnings and endings started with a farewell to the much-loved Mrs Jones who, sadly, retired due to ill-health and a welcome to Mrs West who joined the School in April. Since that time, seven GCSE candidates have passed Music with C or above, and a number of new peripatetic teachers joined the staff. We now have Mr Murray teaching electric and acoustic guitars, Mr Edwards on 'cello, and Mr Rhind-Tutt (a former pupil of the school) on brass instruction. There are three school flutes and three 'cellos available to pupils who wish to start lessons now.

September saw the start of preparations for the first of our two music and drama projects for year 9. Year 9 science groups 1 and 2 put on a fabulous production of Michael Bogdanov's "Ancient Mariner"



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which was performed not only to school members, but also to the public and to some of our feeder schools. Remaining groups 9 science 3 and 4 are currently working on "Sepia and Song", a Brechtian compilation of scenes connected with women's suffrage and the First World War. This comes up in July.

School Musicians traditionally take part regularly in ensemble, prize-givings and awards nights, and recently opportunities have been increased by holding a lunchtime concert every fortnight. Once a term a concert is set aside for years 8 and 9 who join in with relish. 'All those participating and auditing have come to look forward to these impromptu events.

Following the formal Anglican service of Nine Lessons and Carols at Christmas-time in St Mary's Church, Slough, school musicians went on to help the Baptist Church's Old People's Civic Concert and were very much appreciated by the old folk.

A very big thank you to all who have supported our events so far, and do come along soon if you haven't yet sampled an SGS musical event.

Mrs J West

ICI / Zeneca Young Scientists Project

The ICI / Zeneca Young Scientists project is a project focusing on paint technology. It was introduced into the school because the ICI / Zeneca Project gives pupils the opportunity to take part in a long-term investigation of a scientific theme and includes the chance to work as a member of a team. The links to industry give members of the project an added insight into, and a link with, the world of work.

It involves Mr O'Brien, Miss Pentelow and eight pupils from years 9 and 10. We meet regularly every Tuesday at 3.30pm - 4.15pm to work on the project. We have been visited three times by a representative from ICI so he can see how we are progressing and to answer any questions we may have.

Our aim is to produce a white paint which is effective in covering up black, is smooth, easily applicable and non-drip - all the qualities needed for a good paint. As part of the project we need to include research, method of experimentation, advertising and our valid conclusions.

The team was given the required equipment needed to carry out the experiments by ICI. The final outcome will be a presentation/display of our findings to members of ICI on Tuesday 28th March. This project has needed those involved to work together as a team, be committed and be willing to put in time and effort required to make this project a success.

Shazia Moghul



Industry Week



Year 9 Industry Week

This week is Industry Week for the Year 9. I believe, regarded by some unanimous opposers, it is not one of the happiest times in a teenager's life

Basically, Industry Week is all about different industries. It gives us an insight into the works and the performance of the industry. The industry is studied and carefully noted, and is used to help us in planning and building the same industry, on a specific sight.

For this year, our school is concentrating on four industries. They are hotel, hypermarket, printing and sport and leisure industries.

For the duration of the week, the normal Year 9 timetable is discarded. Each member has a completely different and more directed timetable. This timetable is directly linked with the week, so there is no escape from the horrors of school. It plans the whole week out for each person and assigns tasks which help in the construction, design and planning.

As the Year has a mixture of people with certain talents and abilities, everyone was split into 12 groups, according to their intellect and skills. No doubt many of them suffered under immense strain and pressure caused by the calamity of splitting up with dear associates.

There were three groups placed in each industry. Each group had to plan and build a model, representing their industry. But before the planning could get under way, everyone had to visit the sites and their specific industry. This action caused further heart-ache to friends who were not placed together. All the visits were supervised by the teachers, so therefore there was no escape.

Some unfortunate beings had to stay back in the workshops, and they collected the information which was relevant to the planning, design and construction of the model. This information would be useful at the time of the actual group work.

All this was a very complicated business and attention to detail was imperative in order that group work went smoothly.

During the actual group work sessions, of which there were too few, help was always at hand. In the two days designated for the work, a multitude of people from different areas of industry, advised and helped us in problem spots. Individual aid was given which helped to reveal flaws which had eluded us. Finally the work was assessed by a panel consisting of governors.

Industry week really shows how businesses are operated in each specified industry. It helps us to view and comprehend industry in a clearer and more positive way. It instills some of the knowledge and experience in those areas. It assists us greatly in understanding the importance of co-operation and team work. Overall, Industry Week is not such a forbidding period, a person can gain a lot of knowledge and experience from it. It could give a person a great advantage over others in situations like these. Who knows, it could play a major part in your future life.



Industry Week



The Latest Word on Printing

Ruscombe Plc

by Sunita Sandhu

My task was to investigate printing factories, and my first visit was to Ruscombe Printers in Woodley. My first impressions of the site were good as there was no derelict land, no litter, flowers and overall the building was impressive. To make a good impression is important for a factory in order to please potential customers so that profit can be made.

Entering the building we were all crammed outside the receptionist's office waiting for Steve, the managing director. When he arrived he took us round the commercial centre of the factory which was on the upper floor. He explained that they receive an order and it goes through a process until brochures or leaflets are produced. We were told how an offer is estimated for a price and each department puts the job through different stages until the last stage of printing takes place. The sales team office, accounts office and invoicing office were planned out carefully so that they were away from the machinery and so this would impress visitors and customers.

We were finally taken to the centre of attention, the printing machine room. This was a noisy and impressive room measuring twelve thousand square feet. Here four large printing machines produced brochures, leaflets and posters using paper, ink and water.

I found out that only five out of the thirty-two employees are women but thankfully women are being employed more in the commercial side of the factory now.

I enjoyed the visit to the printing factory as it helped me with my task on "Locating Industry", which was to design a factory. By picking out the good points of this printing factory and other ones and using their development plans I am now able to design a bigger and better factory.

Shopping For Ideas

Waitrose Plc

by Sharanjit Dhoot

A group of Year 9 pupils who were chosen to do work on the Hypermarket Industry, visited the Slough Waitrose in the Observatory precinct. I was one of the pupils who visited Waitrose. I found it very interesting to learn about how Waitrose was established and about the John Lewis Partnership. At Waitrose the warehouse is very organised and all the different types of goods delivered are stacked on a certain shelf.

I interviewed another pupil, Karrina Dhupar, who also went to visit Waitrose and she said that the most enjoyable part of the visit for her was to interview the customers at Waitrose. Karrina said, "I found that most of the customers who I interviewed were pleased with the services Waitrose offered."

Overall the Year 9 group which went on the visit found it very useful because they learned how a superstore is managed.



Industry Week



Coral Reef

by Neera Kaushal

Coral Reef. The very name inspires visions of the stunning beauty that lies in the inner depths of the sea; a garden of fascinating, enchanting figures coloured in different tints and shades of red. This was what was in my mind as we were driven in the mini-bus by Mrs Brown to Bracknell's Water World. The visit wasn't to be a lengthy one as not much time was available.

We left school at approximately half past one because the teachers were a little late. The journey would take roughly twenty minutes, so (being a person who brings anything and everything, however useless, for the task ahead) I came equipped with everything that could be stuffed into my bag. Listening to the radio, the music being of a somewhat soft and soothing nature, I found my eyes going very drowsy and were endeavouring to shut tight. If it hadn't been for the next song, a near thunderous blare, I would have fallen fast asleep (an embarrassing, humiliating situation for me no doubt but a most hilarious one for others!)

When we arrived there and were parked in the car park, the first impression I got of the place was that it had a massive car park which was well kept and orderly. The actual building from the outside gave me the same impact as the car park had accomplished.

The interior consisted of a bright friendly reception, leading out through some doors to the swimming area. We weren't allowed to take our shoes into the swimming area for hygiene reasons, and were given "plastic shoes" to wear over our own. We kept these as souvenirs.

We looked around the sauna which was for adults only so we weren't permitted to go through the doors as the people wanted their privacy. There was a huge "pirate ship" in the centre blasting out squirts of water through its cannons at set intervals and a giant, plump "cloud" that "rained". Three tall hydro-slides towered over the outside of the building: one blue - very slow; two light green - medium speed; and three dark green - very fast.

After having been shown the main pool, our guide was standing so near the edge of the pool that I was yearning for him to fall in, but no such luck! Before we left we raided the place for leaflets and left only a few bent, tattered ones. Finally at twenty to two, we left for home. Perhaps it wasn't the magical water world I had dreamed of but still it provided an interesting day out.

Grand Hotel

by Wajiha Hamid

I woke up on Monday morning, realised it was Industry Week and went back to sleep. It wasn't my fault, the alarm clock broke down in mid-ring because of an unseen force.

I was placed in the hotel industry. When I discovered it was all about tourism, I gave up completely. Little did I know how narrow-minded I was being.

I had always received the impression that Slough was more of an industrial town than a tourist one. Sure enough it may seem like that but Slough has a multitude of leisure, recreation and shopping facilities to offer. But Slough does receive help from neighbouring towns. As Slough does not have much to offer in the way of sights, other towns do. But the neighbouring towns do not contain the panache of Slough's hotels. This attraction cannot be found anywhere else.



Industry Week



I was one of the group assigned to visit the Aurora Hotel. The other members of my group were given different tasks. Everyone had a different timetable, which they had to follow throughout the week. On this trip I had four of my group members with me.

The hotel was situated in Bolton Avenue in Windsor. It was placed in a residential area. When I looked at it, an instant liking grew inside me. I heard quite a few mutters of approval behind me. The quaint hotel had a warm, homely feeling. This warmth was increased when we were met by the manageress, Josephine Curry. We were graciously welcomed by her and were led to the beautiful lounge area.

A friendly, yellow glow illuminated a small area, with comfortable settees, placed beside vases containing flowers. Pictures hung on all the walls, illustrating landscapes in the country. Obviously this was a luxury hotel and provided all the comforts.

As Mrs Curry was busy with the daily tasks, Mrs Sullivan, our supervisor, gave us a grand tour of the rooms and the facilities which the hotel offered to its customers.

We were split back into our original groups, and had to fill in our reports. This involved answering questions about the functions of the hotel and doing rough sketches of the rooms. We were lucky as we had a chambermaid present and she answered all the questions.

The rooms were quite large and well furnished. The double rooms contained the baths while the single and twin rooms just had showers. It was more convenient for space, we were informed. All the rooms had a homely feeling. The lighting helped to cause this effect. The curtains, bedspreads and paintings conveyed a feeling of brightness and liveliness.

Next we went to the conference room. There were two, in actual fact. The first one was used for wedding receptions and the other one for meetings. They were quite plain, only containing chairs and tables and sound-proof walls. This was to prevent sound penetrating the other guest's rooms.

Later, Mrs Curry invited us into a smaller lounge and offered us coffee and scones. The lounge was furnished with settees and hung on the walls were beautiful carved images.

The whole reaction towards the visit was tremendous, everyone expressed their thanks to the Manageress and then left. No-one regarded the visit as unsuccessful.

On behalf of Year 9 we would like to thank the seconded industrialists and members of staff for providing a varied and interesting programme of events this week.



Work Experience



WORK EXPERIENCE

Slough Work Experience

Work experience is a time when an individual goes out into the real world to experience the field of work. Working people are expected to be independent, organised, put all of their effort into the work they are expected to do, and have reasonably good social skills.

In June 1994 the whole year 10 went on work experience for one week either in Slough or outside of Slough. I went to an employment agency called First Step Recruitment on the Farnham Road. Being able to go to an employment agency was something new; I didn't know how this type of agency worked in employing people for various jobs or how they received any profits out of the business to employ people to work. Now I have a fair idea of how the system works. This agency is a personal business so only three women run it. The atmosphere in which I worked was quite relaxed and of good spirit. My employers were very friendly and carried out their jobs with a lot of enthusiasm. I found it very easy to relate to my employers as they were jolly and had outgoing personalities, the kind of people I am used to being around. Best of all they didn't treat me like a child, they treated me like they would treat any other adult and at times we had discussions on various types of topics of interest.

During that week I learned quite a bit about the business and what was involved in it. The kind of tasks I had were working on the computer quite frequently, writing letters to candidates, using the fax machine, filing and organising important information about their clients and candidates, using the phone to communicate with various customers and applying my social skills to discuss various matters with the customers over the phone or in person. I applied quite a few of my skills in the daily tasks and routines.

All in all I thoroughly enjoyed my week of work experience and even now I visit my employers on a regular basis and fill them in on a lot of things about school and my life in general.

Work experience has made me widen my horizons and keep my options open for future careers.

Aarti Arora

Work Experience

EDS, an extremely large American computer company, was my choice for work experience. EDS has its UK headquarters in Stockley Business Park, which is where I had one of the most educational and exhilarating experiences of my life.

I had been waiting for Monday 13th of June to arrive for a long time; in fact I had bought a new wardrobe of 'smart office wear' months in advance. However, standing at the EDS reception on Monday morning I was nervous, anxious and terrified thinking about the week that lay ahead of me. But there was no turning back.



Work Experience



The shift leader collected me from the reception and took me through a series of huge computer-operated doors. It felt as though I was in a prison due to the intense security in and around the building. I was even told that the large lake in front of the EDS building was there to prevent it being bugged.

During the week I carried out an infinite number of tasks. A few of these included changing and loading discs, tapes and printer paper; writing consignment notes and learning how to operate numerous different types of computers.

I saw various rooms replete with computer hardware. But this was not ordinary hardware, it was all on a much larger scale. There were CPU's the size of cupboards, the printers, disc and tape drives were also enormous.

Walking into the semi-circle shaped operator's console, I was overwhelmed by the intense atmosphere. It was like the cinema, no lights but those from the hundred computer screens. I couldn't believe that people actually work here.

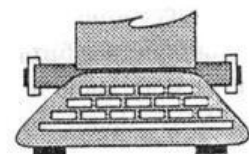
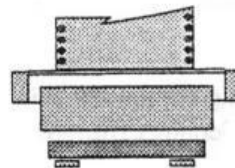
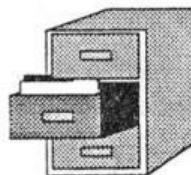
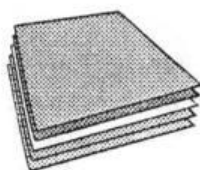
On one occasion I was taken to a tape library, where I was expecting to walk into a room with a few hundred tapes, but there were not a hundred tapes in there, not even a thousand, in fact there were over three hundred thousand of them. One of my tasks was to remove nine hundred of these tapes which had to be searched for from the hundreds of racks. It was a hideous job, which is only suitable for robots, but people are actually employed to do this hideous job daily.

The most memorable part of my week was when I handled cartridges worth over two million pounds. I was startled by the fact that something so small was so valuable.

The only problem I encountered during the week was that the operators worked on shifts. So from Monday till Wednesday I was working with team A but team B was taking over from Thursday. So walking into EDS on Thursday was like starting on Monday again. All the familiar faces were gone making me feel alone and scared again but team B was just as friendly and helpful as team A. The EDS building was huge and it was inevitable that at one point I would get lost, and I did. But from the eight hundred people working in the building it was just my luck that I would be rescued by the UK Director of EDS.

By the end of the week I had worked with at least fifty people who all helped my week to be a thoroughly enjoyable and exciting experience in the world of work.

Ranjana Dua





Theatre Reviews



A night at the theatre

An Inspector Calls, Aldwych, London

J. B. Priestley's popular classic "An Inspector Calls" (Aldwych, London) has won a host of theatrical awards this year and the members of Thursday's audience were provided with a host of reasons why. Superb direction, an excellent group of actors and an impressively innovative stage setting guaranteed a thoroughly enjoyable and thought-provoking night at the theatre.

The curtain rises not on the naturalistic setting of an Edwardian dining room but on the eerie wasteland of the blitz. Dominating the foreground is a doll's house straight from the woods of Grimm and occupied by the Birling family and their prospective in-law, Gerald Croft. We witness the conversation of a group of people who couldn't be more pleased with themselves. The occasion is the celebratory dinner in honour of Croft's engagement to the young daughter of the house, Sheila Birling. The meal over and the ring-giving gleefully accepted and toasted, the ladies retire to the drawing-room while the men, fortified by a good port, settle down for some serious man-talk. The patriarchal voice of Arthur Birling, factory owner and sound party man, booms a litany of ludicrous prophecies at his audience: the threat of war is negligible; the Titanic is unsinkable; prosperity for the next thirty years is assured.

Of course, such pompous and complacent rubbish is massively at odds with the grim realities of world history between 1912 and 1944, the year the play was written. It is only a matter of time, therefore, before the dark world around them, coloured in blood-reds and ghostly-greys symbolising threat and mystery, invades their brightly-lit cosiness. And it duly arrives in the shape of Inspector Goole who calls at the house to investigate the events leading to the suicide of a young and impoverished girl, Eva Smith, who has died in misery and agony after drinking strong disinfectant. Pursuing one line of enquiry at a time, the Inspector forces each character to admit their individual role in the chain of events which has led to the girl's sad and horrible demise. It transpires that poor Eva Smith has suffered at the hands of greed, lust, envy, prejudice and a host of attendant vices. Throughout the Inspector's forensic examination of individual and collective responsibility the girl's dignity grows so that our sympathy is entirely with her and our condemnation of the Birlings and Croft rendered absolute. It is only left for the Inspector to warn that unless individuals care for one another and forge some sense of community then a lesson will be taught them "in fire and blood and anguish." At this point Daldry introduces a telling dramatic moment as a silent chorus of indictment, in the shape of poor blitz survivors, serves to magnify Priestley's microcosm to universal size. The final demolition of humbug, hypocrisy and greed is the symbolic crashing down of the doll's house, the dramatic full-stop to a tragic, sordid tale.

But there are further revelations in store. Doubts are voiced as to the authenticity of the Inspector and his story about a girl having committed suicide. And indeed, both are found to be false, thanks to the clever sleuth work of Gerald Croft. The Birlings, it would appear, have been spared an embarrassing public scandal. Incredibly, redemption appears to have been offered and the Birlings and Croft welcome it with a gleeful return to complacency and self-righteousness. The Birling children, Eric and Sheila, are, however, frightened by this and indeed the final dramatic twist proves that their fears were well founded.



Theatre Reviews



This was a play blessed by strong and convincing performances throughout. Kenneth Cranham as the Inspector was excellent, a passionate and angry agent of good who tore into a mountain of humbug with vehemence and truly-felt indignation. Julian Glover as Gerald Croft was equally impressive as the hail-fellow well-met product of the noble class and conveyed a depth of remorse at his betrayal not previously witnessed by this member of the audience. Steven Daldry's expressionist interpretation reinvigorated the play for those who had perhaps come to view it as a rather tired old chestnut of repertory theatre.

Priestley was a celebrated Socialist and the message of this play is that man must be humane to his fellow man for if he is not then conflict and tragedy must surely follow. I have not seen a more impressively dramatic presentation of that message.

R. W. Johnston

She Stoops to Conquer

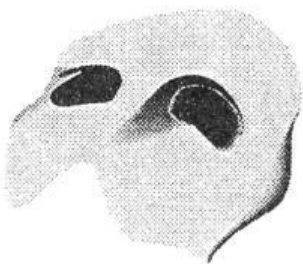
Bill Kenwright's production of "She Stoops To Conquer" proved to be an amusing, witty and farcical comedy of errors. "She Stoops to Conquer" or "The Mistakes of a Night" written by Goldsmith in 1771 proved to be as much of a success in today's theatre as much as it was two centuries ago. This farce was not only light-hearted and entertaining, but fast moving with perfect comic timing shown by a talented cast. This domestic comedy, written in the 18th century, is based on layers of misunderstanding and each character's perception of what appears to be reality. The entire play is set over one day, and in this short space of time the tissues of misapprehension are eventually peeled away to reveal the truth.

Donald Sinden and Miriam Margoyles proved to be an extremely convincing Mr & Mrs Hardcastle. Mr Hardcastle's humour and nostalgia and Mrs Hardcastle's comic robustness were brilliantly evoked. Miriam Margoyles also made use of her stupendously rotund figure to make Mrs Hardcastle appear to be even more absurd! David Essex also proved to be a complete success as Tony Lumpkin. The age gap between himself and the character he played illuminated the absurdity of the play and his mother's mollycoddling the more ridiculous.

A huge clock centre stage graphically depicted the time of day and also reminded us of the play's short time span. The realistic setting, ravishing costumes and contemporary music contributed to an intimate and convincing backdrop for Goldsmith's entertaining comedy.

With "She Stoops to Conquer" Goldsmith confounded the conventions of eighteenth century sentimental drama to produce a warmly funny and convincingly entertaining spectacle.

Sonia Sidhu





The Archives



Speech Day (1941)

March 19th, a brilliant spring day heralded this year's prize-giving. Owing to the possibility of air-raids, we did not entertain the usual number of parents, those of prize-winners only being invited. Instead of the usual books, savings stamps with certificates were issued, in support of the national war effort. The certificates, which were designed by Miss Brock, bore the appropriate inscription, "We love beauty with economy", in Greek characters, and also the crown of the wild olives, much sought after by the Greeks.

Mrs Purnell, as Chairman of the Governors, opened the proceedings. The whole school then sang Joseph Addison's "The Spacious Firmament" to Geoffrey Shaw's setting. Miss Crawford gave her report on the school year, and gave note to way in which school life has been carried out, on a scarcely altered course, while in Europe world-shaking events have taken place. The distribution of the awards followed, by the Hon. Mrs Butterwick of Eton College, who then addressed the school.

In her speech, Mrs Butterwick dealt with the uses of leisure hours and said that music and poetry were both unending sources of pleasure, at the same time urging the school to learn to enjoy both to the full.

After a short interval the choral society rendered two songs : "The Cloud-capped towers" by Stevens, and "The Shepherd" by Walford Davies. Verses on the subject of patriotism were then spoken by members of the senior school. Alfred Noyes' "Song of England" came first, and a "Sonnet des Regrets" by Joachin du Bellay, in which the poet longs for his humble French home and despises all the glories of Rome, followed. One of Horace's Odes, in which he laments the absence of Augustus from Rome, came next, followed by a sonnet of Vauquelin de la Fresnaye, who called upon France to rouse herself from sloth and take her place among the nations which her forefathers had won for her. Lastly and very aptly came Charles Vernard's "Prayer for England". The Choral Society then sang three more songs; Schubert's "The Lord is my Shepherd", "The Song of Shadows" by Armstrong Gibbs, and Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn".

To conclude both visitors and school sang the Marseillaise and the National Anthem.

H.E. Enderby

The Puppet Society (1949)

The Puppet Theatre Society, formed this year, has given several successful shows to the public. At the moment there are three plays in the repertoire, Sleeping Beauty, The Woodcutter's Daughter and Hamlet, and B. Sergent has been asked to write some more plays for us. There are eight puppets. They were made in Czechoslovakia and are owned by W. Bradshaw. The main difficulty met by the boys was suitable lighting but this has successfully been overcome.

The shows have been very well received by our audiences, which included the Slough Fine Arts Society, and we hope to give one to the Governors of the school.

The manipulators are D. Asher, Morgan, Barnett, Bradshaw and Arnold and their activities have been reported in the local press. We should like to express our thanks for their interest and the assistance of Mr Vincent Evans and Mr Millar.

The society anticipates a very successful future.

D.A. James



The Archives



The Lake District (Easter 1952)

'See that ye walk circumspectly' (Ephesians)

On 6th April at 8 o'clock a bunch of would-be fell walkers and mountaineers congregated outside the school, comprised of those who had been before and were sufficiently inebriated to want to go again and those who had no idea of what they were letting themselves in for. Anyway they soon found out when they sat down for their first meal at the Brigham Youth Centre.

Next morning parties sallied forth into the hills, and continued to do so for the next fortnight. All the usual peaks were duly conquered, and several new routes introduced. As is customary, trips were arranged to neighbouring sources of interest, such as the Roman Wall and the Iron and Steel Works at Workington, partly because they were worth visiting anyway, and partly because most of the novitiates couldn't walk because of blisters.

The weather was unbelievably glorious for the Lakes in April, the like of which I don't suppose we'll see again for many years. In fact it was too good. It brought out the midges. After various experiments it was discovered that dry cigarette ash, rubbed into midge bites, is soothing unless it chances to be still smouldering.

A little scrambling was done by some parties and the common room was soon full of photographs of various maniacs in the 'Dangle and Cling' school of hanging from ropes over precipitous overhangs, or trying to out-do the fly by climbing up impossible rock faces. One could hear them telling of their exploits thus: 'I was in a chimney so tight I could not use my arms or legs and the only possible means of progress was by using my tongue on the wall...' or '...now the Abbey Ridge is just an ordinary steep climb. It is not like the central buttress of the Devil's Kitchen where one expects to get killed...'

Talks were given on several evenings by persons well skilled in mountain craft and photography, including Mr Purvis, who helped fill in some evenings with his exceptional collection of colour slides of America.

I think everybody enjoyed the fortnight, and those who didn't did not deserve to. Retribution was cast on all in the form of a puncture on the way home, but nobody was particularly perturbed about it, with the possible exception of Mike Ford who insisted on pot-holing in the bowels of the coach in a fruitful attempt to remove the faulty wheel.

And so, to all aspiring rock climbers I give this piece of immensely valuable information :
The acceleration of a falling body is

32.2 feet

per second

per

second

'I, demens, et saevas curre per Alpes

Ut pueris placas et declamatio fias'

D.J. Abbott



The Archives



The Annual Staff v. Boys Cricket Match (1958)

At approximately 2.30pm on Wednesday July 24th, the Master's Eleven greatly strengthened by the inclusion of newcomers, Messrs Spence, Surry and Chapman, ambled leisurely on to the cricket field, to the sarcastic applause of the five hundred spectators. They all appeared extremely efficient in their precision-creased, sparkling whites and the odour of mothballs drifted pleasantly across the field. They were all blissfully ignorant of the fact that they were about to make cricket history.

Rumours had been flashing about for many weeks previously - mainly about the bowling of Mr Spence. He could evidently bowl faster than Trueman, move the ball further in the air than Loader and spin them further than Laker, and, according to the reports of the out-coming batsmen, he could.

However, begin at the beginning, end at the end, and let the middle take care of itself..

Mr Spence opened the bowling from the Sussex-Place end and the first ball fizzed through the air like an angry bee. Holliday, opening bat for the school, knowing full well that it would miss the stumps by a fraction of an inch, allowed it to pass. The next three balls did likewise, but off the fifth one, Holliday scored a single.

The next bowler was Mr Gibbs, the highly esteemed games master. He did, however, manage to bowl one ball near enough to the batsman for a single to be scored.

The first ball of Mr Spence's second over up-rooted the off-stump which sailed through the air into the lap of the wicketkeeper Mr Sonnex. Exit Holliday, enter Barker, who proceeded to score an excellent single, placing the ball firmly between his pads in the direction of deep fine leg. But two balls later, sad to say, Arthur, the other opening bat, sung hard at a full toss, omitted the important act of hitting it, and was lbw to Mr Spence.

The score-board now read, "three runs for two wickets", and seven balls later read "four runs for three wickets", Barker being the glorious scorer of the extra run and also the unfortunate outgoing batsman.

Hyde then proceeded to prove, by the simple act of scoring runs, that Mr Spence was not such a demon bowler; meanwhile Spooner was promptly clean bowled by Mr Gibbs. The score now stood at nine runs for the loss of four wickets and Knight the incoming batsman, arrived with the obvious intention of maintaining the place of his three stumps without any care for scoring runs.

Mr Gibbs retired from the bowling, handing over to the capable spinning fingers of Mr Mills, who immediately bowled Hyde (who had scored an effective sixteen), bowled Windle and bowled Buckland all in the space of six balls, and three overs later, ended the innings by bowling Knight (who had scored four runs in one hour), and Evans. The score had managed to reach the astounding height of thirty-one all out.

Never in the history of the school has so little been scored by so many in so few minutes.

Mr Spence had a bowling average of four wickets for fourteen runs. Mr Gibbs, one for nine runs, and Mr Mills, a fantastic five wickets for six runs.

The First Eleven went on to their knees and licked the boots of the fielding side.



The Archives



However, their shame was not complete. The masters came out after tea and after seeing the exit of Mr Spence for four runs, Mr Gibbs proceeded to hammer the bowling in every direction. The sound of the hammer thuds followed this pattern, the pattern of Mr Gibbs' batting - 1, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 6, 6, and in no time the Staff had surpassed the paltry thirty-one of the First Eleven, to bring about the first (and we hope the last) victory of the masters.

However, all due glory to the Staff, but please remember, not so hard next time, because we are much younger than you.

Morris Dancing Club (1961)

Regrettably the past year has not been one of much activity for the Club. A lack of real enthusiasm on the part of all members, could well be blamed for this unhappy state of affairs, but we hope to make amends in the future.

Already a few opportunities are looming pleasantly on the horizon, opportunities which will afford plenty of scope for some very necessary practice, as our inactivity has made us rather rusty.

But I am sure we have survived the Winter with all the old tunes and dances of England lying dormant within us, ready to come forth with the Spring and a lively entertaining season. It is our pleasant duty to see that these traditional dances of England, dating from pre-druid times, survive, and I ask anyone who also feels the same way to join the Club.

Six of our members will be leaving at the end of this School Year to be replaced by a very capable team of Third Formers. I would like to take this opportunity to remind those who are leaving that it is their responsibility to continue the tradition of Morris Dancing at University and local clubs.

M.J. Billington





Creative Work



Creative Work

The following was written in response to a class reading of David Copperfield by Charles Dickens. The task was to write a letter in imitation of the style of the entertainingly circumlocutious Wilkins Micawber.

SIR,

With lamentation so profoundly dolorific to the undersigned as to be beyond the bounds of expression, I regrettably find it expedient to impart to he who has ever been, even in the depths of my pecuniary difficulties, more a dear and faithful friend to me than a lodger, the portentous knowledge that the undersigned is once more Crushed and ground underfoot by his eternally grim-visaged oppressor, Fate. He has again stumbled into the yawning jaws of that ogre of Brobdingnagian proportions, Poverty. Such a beggared pauper has he become that he is no longer worthy to take the liberty of addressing you by the familiar appellation of Copperfield.

The seeds of commercial enterprise sown by the undersigned (if he may be permitted to assume so agricultural an expression), in the field of excavation of a certain combustible mineral of inky hue, have singularly failed even to raise verdant shoots, not to mention the pecuniary fruits to which he aspired. The numismatic accounts of W. Micawber, Esquire, may at the present time be considered null and void. I am, in short, bankrupt.

I and my matrimonial and filial relations have been compulsorily banished from the modest domicile where we recently cast anchor, and our humble Bark sallies forth upon the turbulent "vasty deep", whose tempestuous perturbations sempiternally threaten to engulf it. The entirety of the chattels and movables formerly in the possession of the undersigned has ben appropriated by the bailiffs and brokers. I have quaffed the bitter cup, and the poison of despair gnaws at my heart.

The undersigned is of the opinion that Fortune will permit him to continue to provide his beloved spouse and their progeny with pecuniary sustenance only if he executes a rapid departure from the region of "this scepter'd isle" [SHAKESPEARE] which he currently inhabits, in conjunction with an alteration of the patronymic by which he is at the present moment addressed, and the adoption of a disguised physiognomy, with sartorial attire modified from his customary raiment, in order to screen from observation his true identity.

In the event of attempting to continue operations without initially carrying out these precautionary stratagems, the undersigned is liable to find himself confined at his Majesty's pleasure in the fortress of detention reserved for debtors in this borough; where, in a year of our Lord yet unknown, might some stranger discover the forgotten skeleton of

A man already
DYING
IN
SPIRIT

WILKINS MICAWBER

Hannah Lewis



Creative Work



In the following, Victoria writes as Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, challenging Romeo to a duel after the latter's provocative appearance at the Capulet feast.

The House of Capulet

Montague,

I am infuriated and write to inform thee of the gravest of matters, Anger is boiling the blood of my veins and thy offspring, him of the devil himself, is the cause of such unaccustomed ire. I wish to see him dead before nightfall.

The seed of my anger erupted last night at the feast splendour, the like of which Verona has never seen before. Thy son, beastly wretch, was not invited to join the festivities at my uncle's abode. Yet he, young fool, joined the feast and made a mockery of the almighty house of Capulet, bringing shame upon myself and mine uncle.

My sword hungered for the sinful blood of thy worthless son. I had drawn ready to slay the mocking fool, when my uncle, who is of a more generous nature, withheld me. 'Tis his fault that Romeo your son and kinsman, is free to boast of his bravery in invading a Capulet feast to the whole of Verona.

He shall boast no more, for my sword must be fed and it is ravenous for Romeo's sinful flesh. I will spear him through his shrivelled heart, which in turn will be torn from his body and shown to Verona to prove that 'tis Capulet not Montague who reigns supreme.

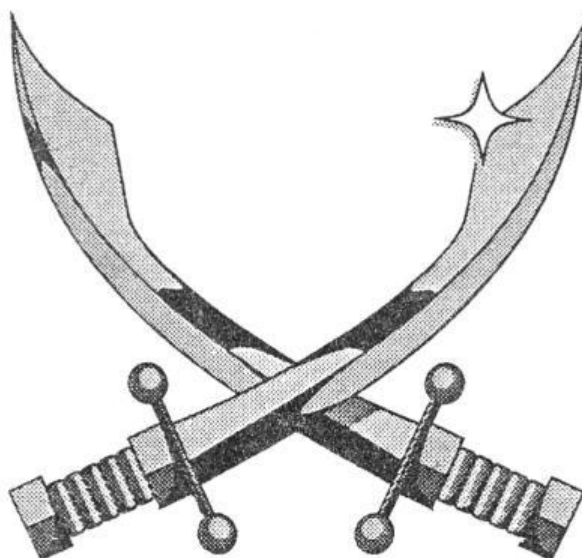
I propose a duel at dusk in the Grand square, so that all can see the demise of the house and name of Montague.

So to nightfall, when my sword, held by the Lord God himself shall cast thy son into the darkest oblivion of an eternal grave.

Farewell,

Tybalt.

Victoria Noakes





Creative Work



In this sonnet, Matthew is writing in imitation of love-lorn sonneteers such as Henry Constable and Samuel Daniel. Their cliché-ridden attempts at seduction were hopefully more successful than their claims to any poetic credibility.

Sonnet (in memoriam of Henry Constable)

Your smile outshines the sun, whose beams are marred
By thought of thee, for they cannot compare
With thy gold light. The night is only starred
To light the magic of thy flowing hair.
I long to see the dawning of the day
For all daylight is thine - for thee it glows,
Your radiance is more than words can say
So perfect now, yet richer still it grows.
Thy cheeks of blossom, hands of snowy white
Full soft of satin - thy dainty finger tips
Are sweet to me; eyes expanding heaven's light
Light up your face, your cheeks, your rose-red lips
This sonnet my sweet I dedicate to you
For thou'st so vain, thou would'st think my lies are true.

(With acknowledgements to Henry Constable - may his poetry rest in peace.)

Matthew Lawson

In the following, Hannah writes as Romeo writing his last letter to his father.

Father,

As I prepare to die, the time has come for me to relate to my family the events which, through fault of no-one, led to this death. I hope that thou wilt find it in thy heart to judge me less harshly when I lie in the grave than thou wouldst have done had thou known the tale during my life.

It chanced not a week ago that I and my fellows came to know of a magnificent feast and masque in the Great Hall of the Capulet House. Concealed by the mask of a lion went I to feast and make merry with mine enemy. Thou knowest that at that time I was wont to wander alone through the sycamore grove when the moon rode among the clouds and to call the dark night blessed, and would enclose myself within the curtains of my chamber when the golden sun, which seemed to me garish, rose over the mountain-tops. I confess that I imagined myself in love with Rosaline, the niece of Capulet, and bethought myself to procure a dance with that lady. Ah foolish youth! - not in love with her I called my love, but in love with the insubstantial concept of love. Truly I did not love until the night of that masque. For when I beheld a fair lady dancing there, all other thoughts were banished from my head as cowardly goblins fleeing before a shining angel of light. Her beauty was like the brightness of the sun, beside which all her fellows paled, like the moon in daylight, into obscurity. I could think of nothing



Creative Work



else. As a humble pilgrim approaches the shrine of the saint to whom his life is devoted, so came I into the sanctified presence of this unknown angel to beg of her one blessed kiss. With seemly chastity she at first refused me, but, overcome by passion, I debated with her until she consented. With my unworthiest lips did I defile the rosy petals of her own, and removed my sin from them again with another reverent touch. She was called away by her mother, and I left alone with my thoughts to ponder the identity of this beautiful stranger. I inquired the lady's name of a buxom nurse who stood by; and O, Alas! Cursed fate! For my love was Juliet, the daughter of our sworn enemy Capulet.

To erase the glorious vision from my mind was impossible: my love for her filled my whole being to overflowing. That night, under cover of darkness, I climbed the wall of the Capulet estate. Cared I nought for the wrath of their guards should they have discovered me: better to be brutally murdered at their hands having seen my love once more, than to remain alone, wondering and yearning. As I approached the house of the Capulets, I saw ahead amidst the gloom a single beacon of light. Crouching among the trees, I watched and waited. And O! A light from that balcony shone which seemed to me brighter than the sun, and more essential to my life: 'twas my lady. As on that fair sun I gazed, I heard the sweet tones of her voice once more. Listening in rapt attention, I heard her sigh, "Romeo!"

Unaware of my presence, her love for me she declared - I, most unworthy pilgrim - and lamented that my name was Montague. My heart leapt to the glorious heavens where it seemed my shining angel stood. "O Juliet," thought I, "Gladly would I take another name if thou wouldst be my saviour." Myself revealed, I gave her my love's faithful vow and we exchanged a precious few divine kisses. She promised to send a messenger to me on the morn, to whom I should tell the place and time where we would be married.

My heart seemed bathed in the reflected glory of her beauty, and made bright by her love. Leaping and bounding ran I straightway to Friar Lawrence and arranged to be married in secret at his cell the coming afternoon. Juliet sent her good nurse as messenger.

That afternoon, on the pretence of coming to shrift, came my love to the good Friar's cell and we were married. As I came newly-wed from church into the Grand Square, I espied my dear but impetuous friend Mercutio engaged in some argument with my newly-made cousin, the fiery Tybalt. Wild with anger at my uninvited appearance at the Capulet feast, Tybalt declared me a villain; but, filled with goodwill and cousinly love, I refused to be provoked.

Mercutio, however, unaware of my relation to Tybalt and, as was his bent, quick to anger, drew his sword and challenged my cousin to a fight. In vain it was for me to stand between them and protest that the Prince's orders forbade it; Tybalt under my arm ran Mercutio through with his rapier.

The death of my good friend spurred me suddenly into action, bethinking myself that Juliet's love had made me effeminate: and, as a warhorse that breaks off suddenly from peaceably ambling along, to buck up at an assailant, so drew my rapier to challenge Tybalt. Thou knowest already that I slew him; and so, under the judgement of Prince Escalus of Verona, was I banished to Mantua.

This was to me and to my love a fate worse than death; for if we died together, we would remain together, but now we were to be kept apart. One day newly wed, and the next day separated. Our lives already woven together, our thoughts intertwined like threads in a fine piece of cloth; now ripped asunder, the threads left raw and frayed. I felt as though my heart were torn from my body, my very life blood's supply cut off. That night I ascended a ladder to Juliet's chamber and our holy matrimony was



Creative Work



consummated; but our joy was short-lived. We were woken in the morning by the cursed lark that heralded our parting. O that it had been a nightingale, warbling in some eternal, blessed evening! The bright dawn sunshine was dark to me now that I was to be without mine own heart. When I was with my love my spirit was rich and as full as an infinite treasure trove, yet lighter and airier than a feather; without her my soul was as empty as a void, yet heavier than lead. So in misery went I to Mantua.

O, but if my misery at our parting was deep, how fathomless was my woe when I learned that my love was dead? Cruel, cruel fate! So young, and so beautiful. My sorrow was a bottomless ocean of tears yet unshed in which I helplessly, hopelessly, drowned. Without Juliet I am nothing. Like my love, my despair is as boundless and indescribable as the skies above; and this sky is the blackest and most starless that I have ever seen.

I have bought a phial of poison from an apothecary of Mantua, who was mercifully poor enough to break the laws of the city for forty ducats. I pray only that God will be merciful enough to let me join my love in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wherever my destination, I say my last farewell.

Romeo.

Hannah Lewis

The following Witches' Brews were written in imitation of the weird sisters' list of hideous ingredients found in Macbeth.

Double, double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Raw giblets of worm-ridden cock,
crushed stagbeetle from 'neath a rock.
Squeaky cogs and rusty nails,
squashed slugs, slimy snails.
Scale of dragon, hornet's sting,
Dogs's breath, owlet's wing.
Crusty scabs, warty frog,
mouldy cheese, tongue of dog.

Double, double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Ripped liver from rabid buffalo,
plucked eyes of hearty doe.
Tusk of walrus, rotting apple core,
puss oozing from a weeping sore.
Phlegm scraped from a dead man's throat,
bleeding tongue, gizzard of goat.
From the sea, treacherous frets,
Scheming murderer's devilish threats.

Double double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

David Hill



Creative Work



Beetle's heart, scorpion's sting
Baboon's sweat, white dove's wing
Grated worm, thunderous hail
Horse's mucus, piglet's tail
Dead man's liver, crocodile scales
Eyes of newt, shells of snails
Double double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Flies dissolved in gastric juice
With the eyeballs of a moose
Cobra's venom, ear of bat
Nose of fox, mouth of rat
Dragon's stomach, wool of lamb
Tongue of wolf, horns of ram
Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Shell of crab, fin of shark
Tail of skunk, head of lark
Owl's eyes, poisoned brain
Dead pig's snout, lion's mane
Frog's entrails, head of moth
Lizard's leg, hair of sloth
Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Shazia Moghul

Silence

Silence is when you can hear things,
Listen:
The wings of a butterfly fluttering through the flowers;
The yawn of an ant as it dozes off in the sunshine;
The crying of a daisy as it is picked;
The petal of a rose swirling onto the soft soil;
The eyes of a hungry lion blinking at a distant deer;
The hungry sniffs of a bee as it hovers around a rose;
The fading heartbeat of a dying ladybird.

Saira Mian



Creative Work



Alliterative animal poems

One omnipotent omnivorous Octopus
Two tremendously troubled trampled Toads
Three terrestrial trekking Tarantulas
Four fatuous fastidious Frogs
Five felonious furious Falcons
Six serious scheming Scorpions
Seven stressed sad strutting Sheep
Eight excessive electrifying Eels
Nine naughty noxious Nits
Ten tenebrous tenacious Tigers.

Jason Bryant

One ostensibly orientated Octopus
Two tantalising tampering Tortoises
Three tame talented Tigers
Four furtive fugitive Fish
Five fretting frisky Falcons
Six selective separate Sloths
Seven sequatious senior Silkworms
Eight excessively excreting Elephants
Nine native notorious Newts
Ten trembling turgid Turkeys

Christopher Theobald

One outraged obnoxious Otter
Two tirelessly tongue-wagging Toads
Three thimble-thieving Thrushes
Four fascinatingly furtive Ferrets
Five fervent female Finches
Six sneering sneaky Sharks
Seven slimy squirming Starfish
Eight exceedingly elegant Elks
Nine nervously nattering Nightingales
Ten tediously temperate Tortoises

Navreet Sandhu



Interview



AN EVACUEE'S EXPERIENCE OF LIFE DURING WW2

Most people when they remember World War Two think of Hitler, concentration camps, the Desert Rats or D-Day but one of the most complicated operations in the war carried out by the British took place in Britain and had nothing to do with military strategy. The evacuation of approximately four million people, mainly children, from urban areas which were the target of German bombers to the safety of the countryside was an extremely complicated and time-consuming task.

This year is the 50th anniversary of Victory in Europe so it seems fitting for me to interview a former evacuee.

Q: How old were you when you were evacuated to the countryside?

A: Well, at the time of the evacuation I was about 10 years old.

Q: What was the exact reason for your evacuation?

A: Well, during the war I was living in Coventry and Coventry was one of the most heavily bombed cities in Britain especially during the early years of the war due to its factories. I suppose the area around Coventry was the British version of the Ruhr. In fact Hitler even named the operation of bombing the British cities after Coventry. I can't remember the name properly but it was something like Coventrydischtung. Anyway some bright spark somewhere thought it was a good idea to evacuate the children from Coventry because of the danger caused by the bombing.

Q: Do you remember the evacuation itself?

A: I'll never forget it. On the way to school I saw the burnt out remains of Coventry cathedral. It was such a sad sight especially if you could remember the former glory of the Cathedral. It had seemed invincible and it was like a body blow to see it in ruins. It bought home the message that you weren't safe from the Germans even as far north as Coventry.

In the school playground I said a final goodbye to my mother before running to play with my friends. My friends and I were full of excitement and were looking forward to the train journey especially the ones who hadn't been on a train before. While we were playing and talking amongst ourselves, the mothers gathered to have their usual chat, but it wasn't much of a chat which at the time seemed rather unusual, but looking back with hindsight the lack of talking was only natural. My mother looked so vulnerable then, trying so hard to be strong but failing miserably that I wanted to run up to her and tell her that everything would turn out fine but I didn't because I didn't want to be called a sissy and a mother's boy by the other lads. Looking back, the playground must have been a funny sight, all the young boys bogged down with luggage, chocolate smeared all over their clothes, full of energy and running all over the place, while their frail mothers kept trying to hug them and tell them that they were to be strong and mummy will always love them. I was too young to realise the emotional drain the evacuation was having on the mothers who had seemed so solid and tough in my young eyes. Boarding the bus that would take us to the station I saw my mother blow a kiss to me so I waved back to her.



Interview



It was the last memory of my mother I have.

I don't remember much of the journey there due to being asleep except there was a minor scuffle between Jack who was a friend of mine and a boy from another school. The fight was quickly broken up by the iron lady herself, Miss Garner. It was about 8 o'clock when we reached Wakefield station. Half asleep we were transferred to a coach to be taken to a small farming village called Digby. At about 11 o'clock we finally arrived at a small school hall and there we were transferred to our new guardians. I was lucky enough to be taken out of the schoolhouse to my new home in the first hour. Some of my friends had to wait six hours before they were handed over to their foster parents.

Q: What was your first impression of your new surroundings?

A: The first thing that struck me about Digby was that it was an exact opposite of Coventry. There was so much spare space which was a shock after the cramped conditions of the 'Factory Floor' which was what the neighbourhood where I lived in Coventry was called. There were lush green fields full of cows, sheep, gardens and even a stream. It seemed like paradise after the cramped, grimy housing of 'Factory Floor'. The house itself was huge. I was lucky enough to be living with a farmer so I was living in one of the large farmhouses on the outskirts of Digby. I had my own room, a luxury after the small room in which both my parents and I used to share. Not only were the houses larger but they had their own gardens, a sight only seen in the richer parts of Coventry.

Q: What were your new foster parents like?

A: My foster parents were a married couple called Mr and Mrs Daniels. They tried to make me call them Jack and Betty but I couldn't make myself call them anything except Mr and Mrs Daniels.

Jack Daniels was built like an ox. He had a rugged face, shaped by the elements that he battled long and hard while looking after his herd of dairy cows. He had a thick mane of dirty blond hair. He was a young man who was about thirty-five years old when I first met him. The only reason that he wasn't at the front line was that he had only one eye, having lost the other in a freak farming accident a few years back. Unlike the other men in the region he was teetotal and he only smoked a pipe once in a while when he thought he was in need of winding down. He was a down to earth man and an extremely thoughtful man. He was a man who was miserly with his words and thought long and hard before he said anything, which is a rare quality in a man.

Betty Daniels was the perfect foil for her husband. Like him she had a physical presence. She was a plump, florid woman who was permanently happy with life. She was always chatting about something and her incessant chatter filled the silence created by her husband. For every problem she had a solution especially if it was a physical ailment like a cold. The reason for Mrs Daniels' plumpness was that she prepared and ate large meals. She would get very worried if either Mr Daniels or I would not finish off the huge helpings of food she gave us.

The Daniels as a couple never once argued and they were the happiest couple I had seen in my life. They were even happier than my parents. Overall Mr and Mrs Daniels were the perfect foster parents somebody could hope for. They were kind, caring and thoughtful for my needs.



Interview



They were always there to offer a hand if there was a problem, whether it was schoolwork or bullying. Their qualities shone through when you compared them with other foster parents of children in the area.

Q: Why were the other foster parents in the area cruel or indifferent to the needs of the children placed in their care?

A: They weren't cruel to their foster children, at least not intentionally. It was just a case of plain old British snobbery. You see most of the kids like me came from the poorer parts of Coventry and the good villagers of Digby followed the good old British tradition of looking down on the poor wretched creatures who had been placed in their care. I was lucky enough to be placed under the wing of a couple who weren't bigots unlike the majority of the population of Digby.

It wasn't really the adults who were the problem but some of the children of Digby were utterly merciless and ruthless in their attacks on the 'Dirt Devils' as they took to calling us. It took a fight between Theo Draggon and me to stop the endless persecution of the 'Dirt Devils'. I'll carry the look on Theo's face as my fist connected with his teeth to my grave. The fight was over quickly after that punch but it was not the end of the matter, Mr Draggon, a huge man, was after me and promised to give me a sound thrashing with the big leather belt around his immense waist. Fortunately for me, he said that in front of Mr Daniels and a quiet confidential conversation between Mr Daniels and Mr Draggon soon shut Mr Draggon up. Mr Daniels never once told me what passed between Mr Draggon and himself and he never once mentioned the incident to Mrs Daniels, but that didn't stop Mrs Daniels hearing about it and giving me a right ticking off.

Q: What was life like in Digby, not just for yourself but for the other evacuees as well?

A: After the bullying had stopped life was rather pleasant, especially for me. Every day I would wake up just before dawn to help with the milking of the cows. After a while I became used to the technique and became rather proficient at milking the cows. Eventually even the cows became used to me. After the milking I would go and have a large breakfast with generous helpings of freshly cured bacon and fried eggs. I have never tasted milk that was more creamy than that found at the farm.

School was a small converted barn near a field of sheep. It started at 9 o'clock and that meant I had plenty of time to stroll to school after my large breakfast. I was in a class with all the other evacuees from Digby from my old school and we had a rather nervous young lady called Miss Hawkins trying to teach us. I say try to teach because our class was rather noisy at the best of times and when we were over-excited, poor Mrs Hawkins would break down in tears. I didn't learn a lot at school in Digby.

After school, my friends (who were mainly evacuees) and I would go down to the stream and play either a game of cricket or football, or we would play a number of games like 'Soldier, soldier' where we would pretend to be either soldiers from Germany or France and attack each other. We would play until sunset when we would return to our homes. After I got home I would go and help around the farm while dinner was prepared. After dinner I would either read one of



Interview



my precious comics or have a chat with Mrs Daniels and even Mr Daniels if he was in a talkative mood. When I was tired I would go to bed.

Q: What is your favourite memory of your time at Digby?

A: My favourite memory was when I helped Mr Daniels to deliver a calf. I was lucky to help Mr Daniels because Mrs Daniels had gone down to Wakefield for the day otherwise she would have been Mr Daniels' assistant. At the time of the birth I was terrified of doing anything wrong which would jeopardise the life of the calf. In that respect I had nothing to worry about because Mr Daniels gave me specific instructions which I could not fail to fulfil. The birth of the calf was the most amazing thing I had ever seen. Even though when the calf finally came out it was covered in slime, which I normally would have found disgusting I found the sight of the mother cow licking off the slime from her newly born child a beautiful sight. For days afterwards I went rabbiting on about the birth of the calf. I even got to name it; I called it Daisy.

Q: What was your worst memory from your time in Digby?

A: It was the death of my mother. On June 17th 1944 when I was 13 years old I was told by Mrs Daniels that my mother had died a couple of days back in a bombing raid on Coventry. A bomb had landed directly on the house and even though they searched for her, the rescue workers could not find my mother's corpse. That was the only time I had cried in Digby. I didn't eat that night and I was too upset to speak to either Mr or Mrs Daniels. I just stayed upstairs in my room and thought about my mother. All my memories of my mother came flooding back and I realised that I was utterly alone apart from the Daniels in Britain as my father was fighting in the Far East. I suppose that was the day when I realised I was no longer a child.

Q: Did you miss Digby when you returned home?

A: I missed not Digby as a whole but I certainly missed the Daniels and their farms. I was 15 years old when my father returned to Britain so I had spent 5 years with the Daniels. In that time I learnt a lot about life and matured into a young adult from the immature child which I was when I first went to Digby.

Q: Did you keep in contact with the Daniels?

A: Unlike most of the evacuees who had stayed in Digby, I did keep in contact with the Daniels. I suppose I was among the few who had kept in contact because I was treated with kindness and respect by the Daniels and I owed them a lot. We wrote regular letters to each other and I visited them whenever I could. They attended my graduation and my wedding while I delivered the speech at their funerals.

Adnan Akhtar



Book Reviews



Book reviews

Below are some of the books enjoyed this year by GCSE and Year 8 pupils.

Sumitra's Story - Rukhsana Smith

"Sumitra's Story" is a book based on a young Asian girl known as Sumitra, growing up in Britain. After being thrown out of Uganda by President Amin, Sumitra's parents brought their three young daughters to start a new life in Britain. Sumitra was eleven when she left Uganda.

The topic with which the writer, Rukhsana Smith, is concerned, is the way in which Sumitra goes about trying to establish her own identity, and having to cope with prejudice, racism and bitterness in order to achieve this. As Sumitra becomes more aware of the more westernised attitudes, behaviour, lifestyles and the extent of freedom of people living in Britain, she finds herself divided between her parents' strict Hindu values, and the westernised attitudes that surround her at school and at work. She struggles to do what is best for herself, finding herself living a confusing two-way lifestyle.

Saira Haider

The Mayor of Casterbridge - Thomas Hardy

I thoroughly enjoyed this book from the very start. It was very detailed and the story line was really involved. I think this is one of the best books I've ever read because of the gripping plot. There were surprises in almost every chapter. My favourite character was Henchard although I wasn't very keen on him in the beginning. I thought he was a selfish and uncaring man because of the way he treated his wife. As the novel progressed I began to like him. I admired him because of the oath he took to avoid strong liquors, which he kept up for twenty-one years as he'd promised. I thought he was very kind to Farfrae when he first met him and was quite upset when their friendship came to an end. I think that Elizabeth was unkind to Henchard when she discovered that Newson was her real father. At first she couldn't see that he deliberately lied because he didn't want to hurt her. She was more concerned with her own feelings and having missed out on a relationship with her real father. I think that deep down Henchard was a good person. He knew that he'd made a dreadful mistake in his past and was trying to make up for it. When I read his will I felt terribly sorry for him and couldn't help wishing that his life had been a better one.

Natalie Pincham

The Fifth Child - Doris Lessing

The Fifth Child is the story about a young couple, deeply in love, who have four children. They have a happy life and a happy family until their fifth child is born. Right from the start of her pregnancy the mother felt that this child was different. At a very young age, the fifth child was capable of strangling their pet dog. So much attention was focused upon the child, that it broke up the family. The fifth child was taken into an institution where it was badly treated but soon it returned home.

As the fifth child gradually grows up, he makes friends with a young man who changes the child's character. It changes from an animal and becomes more human. This book is easy to read and I enjoyed reading it. It is a good story if you are interested in the supernatural. It is a shocking, disturbing and compelling book.

Lesley Villacrusis



Book Reviews



Pickwick Papers - Charles Dickens

The Pickwick Papers is an hilarious book based on the adventures and mishaps of a group of men. They call themselves the Pickwick club. They are Mr Pickwick, who is the leader, Mr Tupman, Mr Snodgrass and Mr Winkle.

The Pickwickians travel around the country recording behaviours and attitudes of various people. During their travels they meet some extraordinary characters. The most notable is Sam Weller. Misfortune seems to follow them everywhere. The most famous incident is the Bardell - Pickwick case, all created by misunderstanding, with the infamous Dodson and Fogg. The Pickwickians are probably the clumsiest of characters ever created by Dickens.

The whole book is a laugh. I really enjoyed reading it. Through it Dickens shows a bachelor's life. He tries to include everything in his work. He shows how prison can change a person's life. I would recommend this book to anyone who likes a funny book.

Wajiha Hamid

I Know What You Did Last Summer - Lois Duncan

This story was a real thriller. It concerns a girl scared of an event in the past which has deeply affected her. Throughout the book, hints are dropped about the event but you are kept in suspense until the last moment.

It turns out that a hit and run has taken place and that the four teenagers involved are too scared to own up. The two girls feel very guilty and find it hard to cope, especially when they are being reminded of their involvement by anonymous letters. In the end it turns out that a close friend of the girls is the brother of the child killed and wants his revenge, which he eventually gets.

This book was brilliantly written and kept me reading until I worked out what the event was.

Saira Mian

Brave New World - Aldous Huxley

Brave New World is the account of a futuristic attempt at Utopia, where freedom and variation have been exchanged for a life of synthetic pleasures. People undergo conditioning to make them conform to this lifestyle, and society is divided into castes which consist of people whose mental and physical capabilities have been engineered by the state. The horror of this situation is illustrated when a 'savage' is brought into society from a reservation, the only place where human life exists as we know it. His inability to comply with the ludicrous society with which he is faced is illustrative of the complete transformation of human values that has occurred.

Brave New World is a thought-provoking novel which forces the reader to analyse his or her perception of mankind.

Sanjay Verma



Sports Report



Sports Report, 1993-4

Athletics, Cricket, Football and Netball were the focal sports for the 1993/4 inter-school programme. Inter-house competitions covered the same four activities plus Basketball.

Three sides were involved in the inter-school football fixtures - the U16s, U14s and U13s. Both of the older teams achieved some encouraging results (such as the U16 4-2 win over Langley Grammar and the U14 4-1 defeat of PMRF) and often played entertaining football but each lacked sufficient strength in depth to trouble the top local schools. Francis Lillywhite regularly kept goal for Slough Schools' U14s and Hannah Smith (Year 11) represented her league in a national ladies' tournament. The U13s displayed great enthusiasm during their Winter Floodlit league programme but were comparatively weak, the 1-0 defeat against Langleywood being their best performance.

The Senior Boys inter-house competition was won by Milton, with Herschel taking the Junior honours. Additional playing opportunities were provided through a six-week Adidas sponsored skills course which attracted around 30 pupils.

The inter-house Basketball programme also ran through the winter. Both were affected by poor team organisation but enough matches were completed to produce valid results. Herschel achieved Senior success with the Junior title being shared by Milton and Gray. A group of Year 10 pupils regularly attended Basketball Club and were rewarded for their enthusiasm with a first experience of inter-school competition in the friendly against St Bernard's.

Throughout the year, Gareth Herbert kept his Table Tennis ranking as the national U14s number one and competed in a series of international tournaments. In April, 25 pupils visited The Hanger as guests of the Slough Jets, enjoying free skating and meeting leading players Gary Stefan and Charlie Colon.

At the beginning of the Summer an Athletics Club was set up, attracting pupils from Years 8 to 10 and providing opportunities for personal improvement and selection. Teams competed at U16, U15 and U14 levels in a series of events. During the Borough Trials in May, Davenia John (U17 200m and Long Jump) and Sarah Hicks (U15 1500m) earned County Championship selection, Davenia going on to win the Berkshire Long Jump title and finish 5th in her first All-England finals at Telford. The following month Sarah and Elisa Darby (U15 75m Hurdles) both won titles at the Slough Championships.

The inter-house competition was won by Milton, with the Victrix and Victor Ludorum trophies going to Elisa Darby and Michelle Wells (shared) and Gurminder Kang. New records were set by Sarah Hicks (1800 and 1500m) and Daniel Cummings (U19 100 and 200m).

Thanks to the support of Messrs. Brown, O'Brien and Inger, Cricket sides ran U15, U14 and U13 levels. Successes included the 5 wicket win over Langley Grammar U15s, and the 57 and 63 run victories over Westgate U14s and U13s respectively. Kamran Bhatti (U16) and Zubair Nazir (U13) represented Berkshire Schools during the season. Shahzad Baig was awarded a pair of batting gloves for his "best performance" of 61 against Langley Grammar U13s. Zahid Sadiq won a cricket ball for his "best performance" of 4 for 20 against their U15s. The inter-house competitions were played on a knock-out basis, with Herschel winning the senior title and Hampden becoming junior champions.

One other initiative during the year saw four pupils take the opportunity to attend Berkshire Schools "Come and Try Golf" afternoon. As a result, all were invited to experience playing a round on the Eton College course, and Gary Picking later competed in the County Novices Championship.

N.A. Baylis



Prize Winners



Prize Winners 1994

Year 8

Barinder	Chana
Kiranjit	Rai
Damian	Corrigan
Rajbir	Purewall
Christopher	Young
Sameena	Akram
Jasmine	Childs
Julia	Short
Michelle	Wells

Year 9

Hannah	Lewis
Aysha	Raja
Wajiha	Hamid
Saqib	Masud
Shazia	Moghul
Victoria	Noakes
Sarah	Hicks

Ian Bailey Memorial Prize

Sarah Hicks

Year 10

Daniel	Ankers
Belina	Mann
Gurjot	Rai
Arti	Sharma
Kerry	Warda
Kashif	Araf
Gary	Picking
Francis	Jeeves

Year 11, For Performance at GCSE

Amina	Ahmed
Shawana	Araf
Kamran	Bhatti
Dalvinder	Dogra



Prize Winners



Richard	Evans
Chetna	Gohil
Sanjeev	Sharma
Yasmin	Sidhu

Year 12

Angeli	Arora
Yasser	Malik
Nabeela	Mughal
Harpreet	Suri
Sachin	Varma
Navneet	Bajwa
Emma	Mold
Balal	Raza
Catherine	Sirr
Mandy	Mann
Randhir	Sidhu

Contribution to the Music of the School

Sonia Sidhu & Emma Sparrow

Year 13

<i>Mathematics</i>	Maninder Johal
<i>English</i>	Miranda Ruff
<i>Science</i>	Bhupinder Klair
<i>Physics</i>	Reza Adams
<i>Chemistry</i>	Hammad Hamid
<i>Biology</i>	Kalwinder Basra
<i>Psychology</i>	Manjinder Shergill
<i>History</i>	Ruby Biring
<i>Ancient History</i>	Ramandeep Sangha
<i>Geography</i>	Kevin Deadman
<i>Business Studies</i>	Kevin Deadman
<i>Economics</i>	Rajiv Mehta
<i>German</i>	Emma Golding
<i>Latin</i>	Guru Johl
<i>Art</i>	Smra Ghafoor

Service to the School
Contribution to School Sport
The Brian Purkiss Memorial Prize

Sanjeev Chowdhri & Vimal Patel
Suleman Baig
Martin Southam



University Acceptances



University Acceptances 1994

- Reza Adams, Chemical Engineering, *Imperial College, London*
Rukhsana Azam, Politics, *University of Luton*
Saima Aziz, Business Studies, *Thames Valley University*
Billal Baig, Mechanical Engineering, *DeMontford University*
Suleman Baig, Financial Management, *London School of Economics*
Kalwinder Basra, Law, *University College, London*
Anoop Battoo, Pharmacy, *DeMontford University*
Ruby Biring, Law, *University College, London*
Sanjeev Chowdhri, Mathematics/Financial Management, *Southampton University*
Kevin Deadman, Business/Management Studies, *Aston University*
Clyde Fowler, Law, *London School of Economics*
Smra Ghafoor, Modern Middle-Eastern Language, *School of Oriental and African Studies*
Emma Golding, German and Spanish, *Southampton University*
Hammad Hamid, Aeronautical Engineering, *Loughborough University*
Pauljit Hira, Economics, *Leicester University*
Maninder Johal, Pre-clinical Medicine, *Welsh College of Medicine*
Guru Johl, Aeronautical Engineering, *Loughborough University*
Bhupinder Klair, Pre-clinical Medicine, *King's College, London*
Kwabena Koampah, Biochemistry, *Sussex University*
Michael Lau, Mathematics, *Southampton University*
Ayaz Mehar, Biochemistry, *Leicester University*
Rajiv Mehta, Business/Management Studies, *London School of Economics*
Sundeep Mehta, Accountancy, *Kingston University*
Tushar Patel, Aeronautical Engineering, *UMIST*
Vimal Patel, Pharmacy, *London School of Pharmacy*
Junaid Qasim, Computer Studies, *Kingston University*
Zahid Qayoom, Combined/General Science, *Kingston University*
Sajid Rahman, Biochemistry, *King's College London*
Miranda Ruff, Institutional Management, *Bournemouth*
Amarjit Sahota, Statistics and Economics, *Kingston University*
Gurpreet Sahota, Pharmacy, *DeMontford University*
Nina Saini, Sociology and Media Studies, *South Bank University*
Ramandeep Sangha, Biology, *Kingston University*
Stuart Wigley, Microbiology, *Warwick University*
Sylvia Wong, Institutional Management, *Bournemouth*